

308 LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

[Acx II

Lord Windermere. Mrs. Erlynne has received a card.

Lord Augustus. Then she's all right, dear boy. But why

didn't you tell me that before? It would have saved me a heap of worry and demmed misunderstandings!

[*Lady Agatha and Mr. Hopper cross and exit on terrace L U E.*

Parker. Mr. Cecil Graham!

Enter Mr. Cecil Graham.

Cecil Graham. [*Bows to Lady Windermere, passes over*

sliakes hands with Lord Windermere^ Good evening, Arthur.

Why don't you ask me how I am? I like people to ask me

how I am. It shows a widespread interest in my health.

Now, to-night I am not at all well. Been dining with my

people. Wonder why it is one's people are always so tedious?

Sly father would talk morality after dinner. I told him he

was old enough to know better. But my experience is that

as soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't

know anything at all. Hallo, Tuppy! Hear you're going

to be married again: thought you were tired of that game.

Lord Augustus. You're excessively trivial, my dear boy,

excessively trivial!

Cecil Graham. By the way, Tuppy, which is it?

Have you been twice married and once divorced, or twice

divorced and once married? I say you've been twice divorced

and once married. It seems so much more probable.

Lord Augustus. I have a very bad memory. I really don't

remember which. [*Moves away R.*

Lady Plymdale. Lord Windermere, I've something most

particular to ask you.

Lord Windermere. I am afraid—if you will excuse me—I must

join my wife.

Lady Plymdale. Oh, you mustn't dream of such a thing. It's

most dangerous nowadays for a husband to pay any attention

to his wife in public. It always makes people think that he

beats her when they're alone. The world has grown so

suspicious of anything that looks like a happy married life.

But I'll tell you what it is at supper.

[*Moves towards door of ball-room.*

Lord Windermere. [*CJ*] Margaret! I must speak to you.

Lady Windermere. Will you hold my fan for me,

Lord Darlington? Thanks. [*Comes down to him.*

*Lord Windermere** [*Crossing to her.*] Margaret, what you said

before ctinner was, of course, impossible?